The Daily Reformed church of America has 26 temples, the Congregationalists 14, the Evangelical church 5, and the Unitarians 3. M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

KANSAS AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE AGAIN.

A number of cranks and beats from their homes in eastern states, where they have no influence nor ever cut any swaths, are now holding forth in Kansas in an effort to force the issue of female suffrage upon the people of this state. Among them is the husband or relic of Lucy Stone. He and his petticonted combine raided Kansas about thirty-six years ago. Periodically they have been drifting in on the same mission ever since. Of course they take Kansas people for chumps. Because we have experimented with about all the politicalisms and moral reforms ever offered, these self-constituted regenerators, who have no influence where they are best known, preseume that Kansas can be bombilated into any kind of absurdity, even to the injection of political dissentions into her homes. Kansas is not without experience with the kind of women who essay the role of the boss in breeches, and their example has not proved particularly encouraging. We might cite Mrs. Mollie Lease and Mrs. Carrie Nation. Neither of these are spring chickens, but they failed to hold their homes intact while regulating the moral and political situations. The man who is tied to a woman with an ambition for public life is up against a tough proposition. He is sure to emerge from the scrimmage a sadly done up rooster and ever after to be bossed by a crowing hen, whose crow nor looks are likely to prove attractive. What that old second-fiddle and floating direlect. Lucy Stone's relic and Mrs. Catt combined, expect to accomplish in Kansas we can only surmise from the gist of their speeches. They say that they have a burning desire and that said burning desire is to rescue the women of Kansas from bondage. We Mouht the burning desire and also the bondage. Why this combine hasn't knocked the shackles from the shanks of the enslaved femininity of their own home states they do not deem wise to explain. The hand that rocks the craddle may set the world to tottering, but it can't turn the old thing upside down, nor inside out, as did a Kansas zephyr once Gene Ware's brass-eyed purp. The woman who aspires to rock the craddle and rock the world in one time and two motions will discover that either there is no baby in the cradle or that the world is not standing in need of any rocking. Neither the men or the women who are bent on rocking the world amount to much when it comes to having hables, which our treaders no doubt have very gen-

That old boil-afflicted philosopher, of the land of Uz, tells us, in holy writ, that "man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble," while we all remember that the only man not so born was lead astray by a woman, who got to talking politics and of a wider knowledge. Adam was all right with the earth, and stood a good show for heaven until he got to discussing public concerns with his reformed rib who was inspired by the devil to demand equality. Woman came after man, and she has been after him ever since, as some other than Job remarked. That's but natural and to be endured in a manly way, if not in a subdued spirit. But it makes the average Kansas man who appreciates the superiority of the average Kansas woman very tired to be periodically harrangued by a lot of perepetetic tramps who don't amount to even a

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

It has been held an impossibility to anglize the Latins, to inspire a Spaniard or Italian with an American's spirit of push and enterprise. The stress of many centuries of responsibility has no doubt tamed the blood of the older civilizations. However association with Anglo-Saxon energy may infuse a degree of life and ambition even unto the Spanish mixed races of the West Indies and of Central and South America. A returned educational crank from Puerto Rico describes the young people of both sexes as wild to learn English and become Americanized. The girls want to become telegraphists and stenographers, and the boys to become engineers and electricians. The get-ahead" fever has broken out on a lovely island where was once dolce far niente, cigarettes, guitars and romantic lovemaking. Serious minded people, who are apt to be donkeys in a way, will say that Puerto Rico is now

THAT SAUCY OLD SULTAN.

Gen. Sumner, the American commander in the Island of Mindanao, recently sent an ultimatum to the Sultan of Bacolod, in which he cited the heavy punishment inflicted upon the rebellious Macius Moros and urged the Sultan of Bacolod to establish friendly relations with the American. The ultimatum did not have the desired effect, and in reply the Sultan said that the Moros desire immediate war, and that the people did not desire American friendship. So the dispatches of Thursday morning announced that General Sumner is sending a force of fighters after the Sultan of Bacolod who will in short order be giving up his slave wives and begging for the friendship of America.

STILL A VERY WICKED CITY.

New York, despite its gambling exchanges, its robber boards, its tenderloin districts and its disso-Inte four hundred, is still a city of churches, a center of worship. In the two New York city boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx there are 880 places of public worship and of these the Jews have 190 synagogues, including temples in the fashionable localities and small halls in east side tenements. The Catholics have 250 churches, the finest being St. Patrick's cathedral, erected at a cost of \$2,500,000. The Protestant Episcopal church has 91 buildings, among them such famous edifices as Old Trinity. St. Paul's chapel and Grace church. There are 63 Methodist Episcopal and 59 Presbyterian places of worship, 49 Baptists and 42 Lutheran churches. The know what fear is.

THE NORTH POLE FOOLISHNESS.

For the first time in several years, the scientific world is without representation in active arctic exploration, the intrepid searches for the north pole comprising the expeditions under command of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, Evelyn B. Baldwin and Captain Otto Sverdrup having returned from their voyages without accomplishing their ambitious purpose. That neither of the expeditions penetrated the north frigid zone farther than its predecessors, it is to Lieutenant Pearv's credit that, in touching eighty-four degrees, seventeen minutes north, he went within three hundred and forty miles of the pole, a point nearer to it than has heretofore been touched on the Western Hemisphra. At that latitude, further efforts to advance were not attempted, because of the impracticability of the relay system, the ice floes becoming smaller, the pressure ridges on a grander scale, and the open leads more frequent. Notwithstanding failure to go to the pole. Lieutenant Peary is more convinced than ever before that it can be reached, a plan evolved from his more recent experiences being to start from winter quarters somewhere on the eighty-third degree, either from Franz Josef Land or from the north of Greenland, and make the journey by sledges.

STANDS PAT ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Whatever may be said to the contrary by a certain class of editors who are afraid to touch an electrode. President Roosevelt has done well to define and restate the Monroe doctrine. The full realization of this doctrine or policy by Europe was never before so important to us as it is now. Let the continental European nations often be reminded in proper language that it is no vain boast that we are making; but our people, more than Europeans, need to know and to act constantly upon the fact that this external peace for the American hemisphere will be respected no longer than we have sufficient power to maintain it. If we do not constantly keep our navy up to the strength of that of Germany or France, we may expect to be called upon, on some disagreeable day, to fight, and possibly to suffer grave disaster and humiliation. The building of a first-class battleship is worth a million speeches on the subject, and President Roosevelt is building ships as well as talking. If he has his way, there will never be any danger in his day that a European swaggerer will fall to respect the Monroe Doctrine.

CARNOT'S DIETY DESTROYED.

The late Madame Carnot, widow of the French president who was assassinated some years are. directed in her will that a certain hideous East Indian idol in her possession should be destroyed. Mr. T. P. O'Connor says: "This idol was given to President Carnot by a friend, who laughingly told him a legend attached to it, which was to the effect that its possessor would attain supreme power, and then die by the knife. The idol had belonged to the Rajahs of Kahadjurao, of whom five certainly -perhaps more-died by the knife of an assassin. Carnot laughed when his friend told him the legend attaching to the idol, but after it came into his possession Carnot became President of France and dled by the assassin's dagger. No wonder Mme. Cernot ordered that the terrible thing should be des-

CHURCH LAWS OF OLDEN TIMES.

The Rothel Primitive Methodist Chanel at Burney, Lancashire, recently observed an important anniversary and issued a souvenir handbook containing copies of old records. A minute passed in 1864 "That we do not allow young men and young women to walk in the street together arm in arm at any time, neither do we allow them to stand at street corners chatting together. By another resolution the chapel authorities forbade girl choristers wearing bows in their bonnets.

A JERSEY FEAT.

It was facetiously said years ago that at a fire in a Boston hotel some of the guests made their escape on a sentence uttered by Senator Evarts. The senator was probably no match for Secretary Payne o fthe New Jersey board of riparian commissioners who, in granting a conditional permit for a 200foot extension, wrote two sentences, one of which contained 288 words. That was something more than a word per foot.

The issue of all issues is prosperity. try voted prosperity out in 1892. It voted it in again In 1904 the battle will be once more. coming election, the last general election before 1904, has a big bearing on the result on the next national election. This contest is preliminary to the battle of 1904.

On election day the forenoon vote is valuable because unless a heavy vote is polled in the morning, the complete vote can not be obtained for the day. The larger the morning vote, the easier it is to get out the vote that remains in the afternoon.

The Prince of Siam is having a comparatively quiet trip through the country. He is highly edu-cated, a Shakesperean scholar and author. But he doesn't cut much ice. Siam's navy and army is too

Senator Clark, it is said, recently paid \$250,000 for a dozen rugs for his new house. And the man who can sell rugs at that price probably spends his money just as foolishly in some other direction.

This is the last general election before the national election in 1904. A Republican vote this year means help to the national Republican ticket in 1904 and a continuation of prosperity from 1904 to 1908. Santos Dumont wants \$200,000 for that flying-trip

from New York to San Francisco. He will need some of it at Manitou for board and lodging if he should happen to snag his ship on Pike's Peak. The Republican ticket in Sedgwick county is

made up of strong men, men capable of filling the offices to which they aspire ably. A vote for the Republican legislative nominees is a vote for a Republican United States Senator

who will stand by Roosevelt. There is no excuse for political indifference this year. Every citizen should see that he is registered

Ellen Beach Yaw, who is in London, has invented new style of dressing the hair-probably not as high as her voice

On the ballot under the eagle is a circle. A cross mark in that circle votes the straight Republican

The Soufriere first belched out mud; now it is emitting sand. Asphalt will probably follow next.

The Republican majority in Kansas is going to show the nation what Kansas thinks of Rousevell.

because there was a chance that he might fail. Roosevelt is never afraid. He doesn't seem to

THE CONFESSION OF HELEN BROWNLEE.

An aged woman stood before the half-closed blinds, looking at the dripping hansom and the recking horse trotting over the pavement.

Days like this remind me of the past-and it was said the woman to those gathered about "It happened when Chicago was not as large as it is now. I had just left school, and it was necesthat I help make the living or get married. You may be a bit surprised, but your grandma was not always rich. When I was young father owned his place and was foreman in a factory not far away, and Lincoln Park-then with a cemetery at one end was near. One Sunday afternoon father bounced through the doorway to dodge a shower. He drew out of his cont a long pocketbook of red leather, mother and I sprang for the treasure. Father shook head and folded the wallet in his arms.

This money,' he declared, 'if there is any in the thing, is not mine, I found it.' Highwaymen never despoiled the victim quicker than we despoiled father, Mother took the purse into the parlor and went promptly through the folds. It was literally filled bills. While mother was discovering these things father was telling how he had found the money. He had been sitting on the bench at Lincoln Park, when a well-dressed young man came along, stopping now and then to write his name in the sand with his stick. He down near father and tossed pebbles into the water. Suddenly the sky darkened and they both started. In front of father, where the young man had been sitting, was the pocketbook. Father picked it up and set right out to find the owner, but he was lost in the crowd pushing for the North Clark street horse car-for they were horse cars then. He remembered the young man had been writing his name and went back. The waves had washed the letters away, except 'J. W. Bro-.' Father then hurried home.

After we had all counted the money we thought to look for some mark of identification. On the inside flap were the initials 'J. W. B. Mother and I wanted to keep that which had been found, but father declared he would rather go down into a pauper's grave than to use money belonging to some one else. All at once I beckoned to mother and whispered. She hugged me. Father? Well, father was not supposed to have an interest in these things. I astenished him, though, and won him by saying, with great decision, that I myself would deliver that pocketbook into the hands of the owner. That night ther and I looked over my dresses. Something had to be ricked. Mother thought a bit and went downstairs. Shortly after I heard loud words below, and a half-hour later mother came up, tear-stained but triumphant. Two days laier we had money, and for us lots of it.

In the meantime we had answered the advertisement. I did the corresponding. The reply to the first letter developed the fact that 'J. W. B.' stood for J. W. Brown-In the directory we found that J. W. Brownlee was an fron founder, and that J. W. Brownlee, Jr., was his son. Inquiry resulted in the information that the Brawn-

less were wealthy. Father stayed at home. Mother engaged apartments at a fashionable hotel ,and that night lighted the great red-shaded lamp. Shortly after 7 o'clock there was a knock. My heart was in my mouth, as they say, and mother was fully as nervous. I went to the door and swung it open. A bell boy held a salver toward me. On the piate I at last discovered the card, and I said: 'Tell Mr. Brownles to come up.' When he came I was not

disappointed am Mr. Brownlee,' he said, bowing easily. I repeated the sentence to mother, only changing it to 'this 'I called in response to your note regarding the lost pocketbook,' he continued. 'The note, I trust, will introduce us.' Mother had taken his hat, cane and gloves. As I proffered him a chair he gianced about, and there was calculation in that look.

You have not been greatly inconvenienced, I hope, Mr. Brownlee? I ventured, starting toward the cabinet, and stopped and turned where the red light of the lamp would fall. He smiled reassuringly as he declared he had not been in the least put out.

I knew it would fall into honest hands, he said, going back to the chair. I was saying some foolish thing, when mother came to the rescue with the story of the and itself. Not much of the evening had passed when Mr. Brownlee arose to go, saying he hoped to be permitted to continue an acquaintance so strangely begunturned to mother ,and the result was that he was to call the next evening.

Fast and furious the courting went on. There were matinees, tandem teams and moonlight boat rides. This was enjoyable, but the money was almost gone, and something had to be done. One night when we were on the lake I said in a casual way: 'Do you know-father's physician has ordered him abroad, and we are about to pack up for a voyage, no telling where.' Jerome-for his name Jerome Walden Brownlee-dropped an oar and nearly upset the skiff by getting in again. He stammered. leaned back in the seat and trailed my hand in the water. I do not want to go. I've a mind to rebel, I cried.

" How can I, feelish boy," I ejaculated When the boat grated on the sand and he took my hands to help me out he gave them a little squeeze, and I responded ever so gently. He drew my arm through his, and together we walked down the beach.

Would you really stay at home?" he asked. I nodded my head. Then it was he told me that he loved me and it made him wild to think I was about to go away. He asked if he could love me. I said, 'How can I help it." and laughed. He wanted to marry me, but had been siraid to ask. 'Poor boy!' I murmured.

'Run away,' he suggested. I was not sure about that and could not decide until morning. 'How we hurried from alleged paternal and maternal

wrath that next afternoon. Left for the matinee and landed in Milwaukee, where we were married and started a cruise about the lakes. It was pleasant and my dreams seemed rentized. But I dreaded the day when my husband should be undeceived. Denouement! Oh, the humiliation of that hour.

The climax came on the night steamer from Buffalo. The dark waters of the lake hissed along the bows of the boat and dimpled away in the distance and starlight. I remember the moonshine on the brass rails and the wrinkled shadow of the vessel-with its spure and rigging and beiching funnel-on the waves. 'I am not wealthy,' he said, 'as I fear you may have

supposed. I grasped the ratt Are you not the iron founder?" My words were scarce-

'No!' His face was buried to his hands. 'Same name.' "I felt the vessel quivering and faintly heard Jerome's

plea for mercy. I was wounded unto death. When the fenders creaked at the dock I had not slept and was wild-eyed enough as we went over the gang plank. We took a cab, and while I was looking out of the window Jerome told me that he was a collector for a wholesale house and that the money he had lost belonged to the firm. The cab stopped in front of his mother's house, which was within a half dozen blocks of my own home. I spring to the pavement and run down the street.

"A question was screamed after me as I hurried to my room, where I sat on the floor and cried. Mother was angry and said hard things. I was on the point of defending my husband, strange as that may seem, when father came home. Never before had he come at this hour and we both hurried down. We put him to bed and sent for a doctor. He did not scold when I told him whaa failure I had made of my matrimonial venture; only

stroked my hair. By and by we folded his hands. "Afterward mother told me the money spent on wedding had been borrowed and the house mortgaged. I went to a sign painter and had a square tin made, bearing the inscription 'H. Brownice, Modiste, and hung pattern plates in my window. The "modiste" was a draw

When the mortgage came due we gave a deed and took a lease for the home we had once owned. Then mother's health failed. And again the house was lonely.

Ten years after the pocketbook finding, on a Sunday, I was standing on the front steps with the streets wet from a heavy shower. Jerome Brownies came sauntering wn the walk, taking no particular note of his surround ings. He glanced toward the windows of my cottage saw me and stopped, brushed his hand across his eyes and then read the sign at the side of the door. Without giving me time to get over my astonishment-for the surprise was mutual-he came up the steps at a bound and had me by the band.

Welen Borton he exclaimed smiling "Jerome Brownies" I whispered as he remched the step on which I stood, for now I think of it I did go down two or three stones when he turned in from the street. Have you lived here all these years? he neked. I

eld him all. And he explained that he had scarefied for me in many places, but had not thought to look so close to his own home. He was glad when I told him I was not the helress he had thought me. "In short, he had prospered and was a member of the firm of which he had collected. I gave up the little house

and went to live with him. After awhile we came here."

HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

Directly he returned home from Europe last month, says an exchange. Richard Manufield sent for a wellown player to consult about a part in his production of "Julius Caesar." The man happened to be decidedly self-appreciative.

od morning," said Mansheld, as his caller entered "You know, I'm preparing 'Julius Caesar.' I've a capital part for you. But before we go into details as to that let me know your salary." As he said this he turned to the desk to adjust some memorands.

"Four hundred dollars," said his caller, Mansfield continued his work, with his back turned, but replied, pleasantly, "You will please shut the door when you go out, won't you!"

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A writer for the Boston Transcript, describing "Scrub Onks," a settlement in southeastern Massachusetts, tells a tale of the death of one of the residents and the efforts of a frank spoken preacher among them to point a moral. After a reading of a portion of the Scripture and the making of a prayer, the biographical part of the sermon began, in which attention was called to the ungodly lives of the "Scrub Onkers" in general, and the deceased in particular, with the startling conclusion, "And I have no doubt that the late Mr. W-- is now even gnashing his treth in heli!" This was too much for old P-, one of the intimates of the departed, and he strode from the church in high dudgeon, and was found at the close of the services excitedly pacing back and forth across the church green and squirting tobacco juice to all directions. Someone asked what he thought of the remarks as to his friend. "Dr. S-- has told a blank He," says , "for I know for a certainty that the old man hasn't had a tooth in his head for over twenty years!"

20 田田田田田 The truth about the practice of polygamy among the Mormons , which appears to be in dispute among some English newspaper correspondents, is presumably contained in the following passage from a letter in which Mrs. J. K. Lawson, who is sending her "Impressions of America" to the Dundee Advertiser, describes a visit to Sair Lake City. A person with whom the lady discussed this

It is practiced just as it was before the law forbidding it was passed. Only it is now shebeened instead of open tell you how it is. A man may not have more than one wife in his house; he can have another woman in another house-the next door-and over the way, and so on. A friend of mine who wished to see a Mormon on buntness was directed to a house in the suburbs-one of five adjoining each other.

'Does Mr. So-and-So live in this house?" he inquired of a little boy on the doorstep.

'He lives in all of 'em," was the astounding answer. 武 江 江 田 田

while the Bee Tir C. T. Pavlis, the new paster of the Bushwick Avenue Congregational church, of Breeklyn, was visiting the Sunday school of the Bethesda ch of the same borough, he was asked to speak to the children. He took for a text St. Luke x:42: "But one thing is needful.

Now, boys and girls," sald he, becoming confidential, "what is this thing which is needful?"

"Coal." came the answer, piped from the center of the achool.

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A young lady from London was visiting for the first time a country farm. Seeing a cow look very savage, she said to an old farmer: "Oh, how savage that cow looks!"

Yes, miss, it's the red parasol you are carrying," said "Well," she said, "I knew it was a triffe out of

fashion, but I never thought a country cow would notice

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While Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Goodwin were in London they attended a performance at the Comedia Theatre, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. From a stall opposite theirs a woman enthusiastically waved a handkerchief at them. They bowed pleasantly,

Who's that, Max?" naked Mr. Goodwin of his wife. "I know her face quite well, but can't think of her She's familiar to me, toe," replied Miss Elliott, but

her name isn't. I've forgotten it completely, "Doesn't she write? Why, yes. What ever does she sign herself? Dear, dear I shall forget my own name next, or yours." And Mrs. Goodwin's face became "I've got it-she's been London correspondone of the Roston Herald for years; and, now I come to think of it, there's a well-known American actress I re-

At that instant a card was presented to Mr. Goodwin.

"I knew I'd heard that name before," seriously com-

mented Nathaniel, and Maxime smiled. R S K H H

Hylands, who had purchased a new horse warranted to be quiet to ride and in harness , and a good trotter to boot, had invited a friend to accompany him for a trial drive. They had not gone very far when the borse bolted, run up against a heap of stones lying in the road, and pitched both occupants into the lane. When they recovered, the horse had disappeared, leaving the burgy shaftless and a heap of wreckage. Rylands began to roar. What on earth are you laughing at?" dejectedly inquired the friend.

"Why, the fellow that sold me that horse, lent me the

As Paddy was walking along the street one day he came across a chip potato van drawn by an ass. He stood and looked at it for some time, when a passer by asked him what he was staring at

"Oh," says Paddy, "begorrs, an' Ol've seen muny a lary ass in Oireland, but Of've never seen wan that needs a steam engine to push it.

The Inaccuracies of Authors.

(Edward Latham in the Saturday Review.) In "Ivanhoe" a knight of Richard I, holds converse

with a contemporary of William the Conqueror, who was Richard's great-grandfather. In the "Newcomes" Clive in a letter dater 183- asks.

"Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush?" The reason was probably due to the fact that there was no Prince Consort before 2840.

The moon seems to be a very dangerous planet for writers to triffe with In "King Sciomon's Mines" Rider Raggard makes on eclipse of the satellite take place at the new instead of the full moon-on astronomic imposstillity. In the "Children of Othern" Walter Beant has couned a new moon to rise in the east on 2 o'clock in the morning. The most casual observer has without doubt noticed that the new moon appears in the western sky and sets from the repment it becomes visible. Prollope makes Andy Scots come "whistling up the

street with a cigar in his mouth." At the close of "Around the World in Eighty Days" the hero arrives triumphantly at his club first as the circks of London strike ten minutes to twelve'

A Parts fournal secently recorded the discovery to the Beine of the nude corpse of a man with ten your in his walsteest pecket. But this was scarcely more paradoxicul than the case of Rubinson Cruson, who before divesting himself of his clothes to swim to the wreck took precaution to fill his packets full of biscults In "Dox Quixote" Sancho continues to ride on his ass.

after having lumented the animal's death.

The anachronisms and errors of Shakespears are too well known to require repetition. He speaks of cannon to the reign of King John, a century and a half before their invention; he refers to the printing in the reign of Henry II., of clocks in the time of Caesar, makes Hector nunte Aristotie and Coriolonia refer to Cato. He introduces a billiard table into the house of Cleopatra, makes Delphos an island and gives a enaconal to Bohemia.

> How to Rest the Eyes. (From the Philiodelphia Press.)

People who suffer from tired eyes will be giad to learn

how a noted French author accidentally discovered an executent remedy. It is a simple method of restoring the vision of freshness when after reading or writing your eyes begin to nobe. One night while the author was comaged in writing

article his eyes gave out before he could finish and he was compelled to step. So, turning from his unfinished manuscript, his eyes fell upon seems pieces of colored allk that his wife had been using for patch-work. These gay calors had a peculiar attraction for his wearled optics. On resuming his work after gazing at them for several minutes he found them quite fresh. After several experiments he surrounded his inketend with brilliantly celored striped silk material, that his eyes might rest on them every time he dipped his pen into the ink. This

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Some of the riders and ropers of the 101 ranch will give an exhibition at the Alubama state fair.

A drilling company is putting down a well at Billings. The drill is at a depth of 700 feet just now.

There are seventy-five ear-loads of steel and ties at

Anthony for the extension of the Orient south. The slot machine evil has become tangled up in the fight against the Democratic nomines for sheriff in

The man in the new country who votes for Cross is voting to travel a long way to the capital of his state

in the future. About ten per cent of the settlers in a new country when they have finished proving up heave a big sigh and

gu off on a visit.

In the county campaigns the man "who didn't want the nomination" is now wearing out the buffalo grass rustling for votes.

Every man who votes for Crors is voting for indefinite delay of statehood for Oklahoms. That has grown to be the laste in Oktahoma Dr. Nestit the author of the anti-cigarette law in

Oklahoma has been re-nominated for the legislature by the Democrats of Pottswatomic. The city of Ingersall, in Woods county, has a new hook on fire protection. It proposes to build a well

and get the water up by gasoline engine power. A country correspondent in Woods county says there is lots of politics being sown with the wheat this fail. But it is not thought that the politics will come up-

The Garber Sentinel speaks of "old dead issues like the tariff." When men cease to buy and sell and nations to trade with another the tariff will be an old dead issue. But it isn't new.

An actor worked this gag off on an Oklahoma Chry audience the other night: "A man used to take his pen in hand and when he wanted to write a letter, now he takes his type-writer in arms." In the Senate, in December, statehood is unrinked

business until disposed of. A big majority for McGuire means that it will be disposed of quickly and in the right way; that stateaood will be granted In nearly every instance where an Okiahoma newsposper in a little lown welcomes a new doctor and

wishes him success, the editor carefully explains that everyhody will keep well neverthelean. Tom Crowley, the Republican candidate for county clerk in Kay county, has a letter of endorsement from Cy Leland of Kansas, a document which was written

to a citizen of Kay who was inquiring about Crowley. The ploneer is now looking at the Texas vacant lands. The Texas bomestead law favors the cattlemen as against the small farmer. The day will come when Texas will change the law so that the small farmer will

feel himself invited to the state.

It was re-assuring to note that at the Federation of Women's clubs meeting at Shawsee there were more vocal and instrumental numbers on the program than there were papers giving quiet hints on how to keep the universe from flying the track.

Judge McKeever of Enid was married the other day and the Enid Events dedicates this little porm to him "Not a drum was heard, but some wedding notes, as to the train they hurried, and their friends discharged the farewell rice, o'er the Pullman where McKeever was

The Elmdale correspondent in the Garber Sentimel writes: "People talk of this being a heartless and unfeeling neighborhood, but last week the neighbors proved they were far better than represented by getting together and putting in Grant Coker's wheat. Mr. Coker has been dangerously ill for some time. The call for teums, drills, plows, harrown and men was heartly responded to, sed by 9 o'clock an army of workers were in the field. There was over sixty seres put in, most of it being plowed and some barrowed; it was put in in the shape and finished before night. There were four elx-horse drills, six harrows, two plows and several other teams foing all they could. Everyone seemed to want to do their prepared by the lady of the house. Mr. Coker and family extend to them their heartfelt thanks.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Reverend Emerson told a church convention up in member distinctly being introduced to of the same name Omaha the other day that Kansas needed more women like Carrie Nation, H'm.

> A meteor as large as a foot fall passed over northbelieve that Jupiter kicked goal.

The Perine comet now visible from Knows does not show a tell; it is just a bright spot with a white cloud around it. In other words the comet is looking this way and all you can see is its mane.

"In the heat of the campaign," in Kansas this year there have been moments when the campaign speakers felt that the thermometer would have to be wrapped in blankers to save it.

There is a commendable thing about the Kansas cottonwood; when the melancholy autumn comes the cottenwood leaves at once turn, not to fire and gold, bur to a mensley yellow that ought to discourage any post Kansus may yet make dignity a fad. The campaigs

has passed without anybody calling Willia Batley 1815.

or William Craddock Bill. The day of popularizing a man by abbreviating his Christian name has passed in Everything is buched by prosperity; even the country reads respond. "I have been all over this part of Munean this full in a buggy," said a fruit tree agent the other day, 'and not once have I heard the tuttoo of the

sunflowers on the bottom of the bed. "Quis hicking on the trains being late," said a citizen to the Veice reporter at Wellington the other morning. "You will recall that in hard times, the trains were never late. They are into now because of the heavy traffic, both passenger and freight."

The new ballet law is wend in one particular; it pro-Vider that ballots can be marked only with black lead pencil, and no where empowers the judges and clerks to throw the voter down when he entere and search him for fountain pean and indentile lend penetic. John Seaton up in Atching is now husily killing a rumer that he has withdrawn from the race for the

legislature. The rumor was horn in this way. A man

approached him and asked him for a quarter. John said. I'm not doing that any more." And the man went Last Monday morning when the west bound Hock Island train pulled ata Prett, there standing on the cowextcher was a pig. His arrival was applicated and J. M. Turner caught him and took him up fown.

belonged to Ed Hoffman and was thrown ento the pilot two miles east of Bratt. G. W. Geodice of Prait county was descrid slory-five yards in a haffly norn binder last week. When the team stopped it took as hour to discretengle him from the machine. He was not seriously hart. There were a few gratuable places on him that the machine fide t get, but

even a kaffy corn binder has its limitations. Nate Harrity, of Atchison, thre up a lot of board sidewalk last Sunday, and used it for kindling. He was arraigned in the police court, and said in defense that no other fuel could be obtained, owing to the strike. That story may go in Chicago, said Judge Jackson, but it won't so here, on are a lasy loader, and were before this court court for straling sidewalk hoards long

before the strike was transpirated. You are fined this A little incident in a long day in a small town as told. by the correspondent from Preston in the Prais Repul-Beam; "Two freight trains came in early Monday morning; for some reason one of the engines took the caboine and went on leaving the train here on the house track, Among the cars were six refrigerator cars, and affer a widle a hobe raised up the door of one of those care, on the roof where they put in the ice in the symmet time, and seeing he was left, crawled out and managed to take a blind huggage on the Golden Gets limited which came along an hour or two later.

Us in Marray county the other day a farmer eaw two beys creating the country in the direction of his orehard. He spicessfully concented himself behind the hodge with a club and waited. The new looked through the hedge fence on the apple trees. "This was where we use those six apples last year," any of the hore said. "There wasn't more than forty on the trees altegether. Not look now bet there are fourteen hundred on that one tree. Somehow apples don't seem to trate at good this year. "Bame way with me; the trimble is they're too all-fired plentiful," said the other boy. "I haven't exten un apple this year, and I don't think I will. Let's gu." And they turned and went.